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DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

We are Ambassadors for Christ....Be ye reconciled to God.

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The Christian Ambassador.

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

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Original.

INFLUENCES OF SABBATH SCHOOLS UPON OUR DENOMINATION.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON DELIVERED AT HARTFORD, CONN., SEPT. 19TH, 1848.

BY REV. J. M. AUSTIN.

The importance which I attach to Sabbath Schools, is greatly enhanced by the influence they exert upon the prosperity of our denomination. I consider them as the *nurseries* to which we must mainly look for those who are to fill our places, when we pass off the stage of active life—and in which will grow up those who shall come forth to proclaim the tidings of a world's salvation, when our voices who now carry this message of peace and love, will be hushed in the silence of death! It is possible there may be some in our midst who will not sympathise with me in this view of the subject—who reject that Sabbath Schools should be made an instrument for the building up of our *sect*, or the propagation of our *peculiar doctrines*—who insist that we do wrong the immature minds of childhood intrusted to our charge, and violate our duty to the rising generation, in seeking to indoctrinate their minds with our peculiar sentiments, or to attach them to our denomination. But I cannot sympathise with the opinions of those who may raise objections of this description. I cannot be one of those who would be so alarmed at the outcry of *sectarism*, as to cut loose from denominational associations and disband our organizations—forego all combined effort to build up our cause and establish our distinctive doctrines on earth. I am not one who would make every man take an *isolated* stand, and urge his views of truth by *individual* effort—who are so alarmed lest they should be considered *sectarian*, or supposed not to be *above* sectarism, and absolved from it, that they would keep out of sight the great fundamental truths which distinguish us from other classes of Christians, or allude to them only in the most *indefinite* terms—and who seek to get up some trivial issues, or create some fanciful distinctions, to show the world that they are not found even to the class or sect whose name they may seem it a misfortune to bear. Were I ashamed of my sentiments, or ashamed of those with whom I associated, or were I attached to a class of Christians who had no peculiar and distinctive sentiments, or with those who cherished doctrines of the truth and practicability of which they *doubted*, I might yield my sanction to this *non-committal* course of procedure. But fortunately belonging to a denomination who have rallied around certain great fundamental doctrines—doctrines which surpass in sublimity, beauty and perfection, in reasonableness, in adaptation to man's mind and heart, and in practical utility, any that can be found among men, I must adhere to the denomination which propagates them, and study to elevate them to the notice of the world and call upon men to admire and embrace them, and reduce them to practice!

I trust I may be pardoned for uttering the opinion, that the idea that *united denominational* effort is *injurious* to the cause of *truth*, and that it would be more *noble* or *independent*, or better in any respect, to absolve the ties of sect or class, and work *independent* of the co-operation of others, grows out of an ignorance of man's nature, and of the true elements of success! There can no enterprise of importance be accomplished without a *unity* of effort and action among those favoring it. Men holding similar views on any subject, actuated by similar motives, and striving for similar ends, will *naturally*, and must combine to carry out their wishes and their purposes. This is a law of *necessity*, which is well understood by the most uninformed. It is also a law of *nature*. The material universe is built upon the principle of a concert, a unity of action between all the various parts. World revolves around world, and system around system, in perfect unity of action. The beauty, the glory and perfection of the entire mechanism of God's works—the ability of each part to fulfil its allotted office, and of the whole to accomplish the great and wise design of an infinite Artificer, consists in the harmonious co-operation of each portion with all, and all with each.

Man must imitate this law in all enterprises in which *numbers* are concerned. Where an individual has no attachment to any particular class of principles or doctrines, or has no desire to see them established and diffuse abroad their influences in human society, he may with some propriety discard the ties that bind him to co-operate with denominations or sects. But for one who professes to see beauty, value, practical worth, in a given class of principles and sentiments, and expresses anxiety that they should be disseminated among men, and yet refuses to act in concert with others holding the same views, and striving to the same end, shows an inconsistency of a most marked character.

In a certain sense, I acknowledge myself a *sectarian*, i. e., I am willing and anxious to co-operate with others in measures to propagate certain religious and moral principles among men. I believe most solemnly, that the views of God, his character, perfections and government—of Christ, his mission, his religion, his moral precepts, his doctrines of man, his nature, his duties, his relationship to his brother-man, and his final destiny, which are propagated by Universalists, are better calculated to make men love God supremely, and their neighbors as themselves—to promote true piety, righteousness, goodness; to make men honest, pure, temperate, good; to promote peace, friendship, love, and all that can adorn human nature and make men happy, than any other system found among men. To the same extent these views prevail and actuate the hearts of men, will morality, pure, practical religion and good-will and happiness, prevail and bless the world. Hence I feel it my duty to act in concert with all those holding similar sentiments, in efforts to diffuse abroad these principles among men, and *fraternize* the world through their genial influences! In this sense, and in no other, and to this extent, I am a *sectarian*. While I would harbor no ill-will, no enmity toward another for a difference of opinion on any subject, while I could never advocate nor countenance any doctrine which would urge me, or in any way, or under any pretence, *permit* me to persecute or injure others on matters of conscience—at the same time I would be *sectarian* to the degree of joining all others, and laboring in concert with them, who would spread among men, principles which will promote human welfare and secure the highest good of the world.

In this sense, I would have our Sabbath Schools *sectarian* institutions; or to use a term less liable to be misunderstood, I would have them *denominational* institutions! In other words, believing the sentiments we inculcate calculated to make men good and happy, I would have our children in the Sabbath School *indoctrinated* with them. I would have them deeply impressed on their memory and on their hearts. The effort should not be simply to furnish children with a mere outline, a naked skeleton of doctrines, and there rest content. But they should be made to perceive the perfection, the beauty, the excellency of these doctrines, their adaptation to man's wants and necessities; their capability of imparting peace and happiness to those who cherish them.

Of what avail to urge children to *love* and obey God, without informing them who and what God is—without instructing them of the nature and objects of his government and laws, of his rewards and punishments? Of what avail to instruct the child that God is *good* without directing him to the evidences of his goodness, in his works, his ways, his gifts, his designs, the exhibitions of his grace and mercy in the great plan of salvation?

There is one peculiarity connected with the sentiments promulgated by Universalists, which distinguishes them from others, viz: that every *doctrine* we inculcate, is in fact, a *moral precept* in its tendencies. Its effect upon the heart is softening, purifying, ennobling, and in every sense highly beneficial. There is not a *tenet* in our whole theory, which cannot be reduced to *practice* in our daily intercourse with the highest profit. In the doctrines of the popular sects of the day, there are representations of God, of his principles of action, and of his proceedings, which men cannot *imitate* without inflicting an injury on society, an imitation of which, indeed, would fill the world with hatred, contention, retaliation and woe. But the representations of the Deity, his principles and his doings contained in our doctrines, are all of such a nature that they furnish an *example* of the most salutary, lovely and perfect description—an example that men *can* imitate with the greatest benefit—an example, in fine, which the world, and all the world *must* imitate, before that time can arrive when truth, love and peace can fill the earth and bless the race of man.

Hence I repeat, I would have these doctrines inculcated in our Sabbath Schools. Let them be enstamped *indelibly* on the hearts of our children. Let them be presented in a light so beautiful, that children will *love* them, and so *love* and *respect* them, that when they attain to maturity and go out to mingle with the world, they will neither *abandon* them nor be *ashamed* of them.

I would not only have our children in the Sabbath School brought to love the doctrines we impress upon them, but also to love the *class*, the *denomination* which is identified with those doctrines, and which labors to propagate them in the world. I think such love is not incompatible with the good will they should be taught to cherish for others. It is indeed in conformity with the spirit of the Apostle's exhortation, "*As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith,*" (Gal. vi. 10.) I do not urge that our Sabbath Schools should become *sectarian* institutions in the reprehensible sense of that term. Far be it from me to recommend a course that would fill the hearts of children with prejudice or bitterness towards believers in other sentiments, or members of other denominations. While feeling kind and friendly towards all men, of every class and every sect, I would have them form a strong, deep, enduring attachment for that denomination which inculcates those sentiments they have been made properly to value and venerate. I would not have them love our doctrines through a love of the sect that propagates them. But I would have them love the sect from their love of the *sentiments* to the promulgation of which the sect devotes its entire energies.

Loving in the deepest recesses of our hearts the great doctrines which distinguish us as a denomination—believing that on their wide dissemination in the world, depends in no small degree, the progress of the public mind in the all important matters of religious faith and practice, I conceive we are justified in cherishing a strong anxiety to raise up and properly qualify through our Sabbath Schools, an army to whom we can commit this precious trust, and who will be prepared to go forward and labor to disseminate them throughout the world, when our toils shall be closed in death! Let me be distinctly understood. I would not have our children so instructed as that they will advocate certain doctrines, simply to build up a *sect;* but I would have them labor assiduously to build up a denomination, as the instruments through which principles, of all others most calculated to bless the world, shall be diffused abroad throughout the earth.

Original.

VOICE OF THE DEAD.

BY B. B. H.

The Apostle Paul, in speaking of Abel, says, "He being dead, yet speaketh." A principle is exhibited here which is applicable to every individual that lives, and acts his part in the great drama of life, and passes away. The grave which was opened but yesterday for the haughty tyrant, the pampered lord, or the proud monarch, speaks a language that will go down to future generations; and the humble resting-place of the poor beggar resounds with audible, thrilling language. The dead all speak—from the silence of their low and vaulted last home, there is a voice comes to us through the very sod that covers them. The relative or friend that sleeps in ocean caves, or in some far-off land where he died, it may be unattended by the loved and the familiar, speaks to us. From the bosom of the vasty deep, from every arched and labored vault, from every grave-yard, comes up a clear, spiritive language, as true, as sensible, as eloquent as that which falls in living fire from the lips of the statesman, the judge or the preacher.

Abel has been dead for more than a hundred generations, yet he speaks to us now, and he will speak to unborn millions. From that dusty and bloody bed where he yet lay warm when his mother found him; from the lone and humble grave which Adam bedewed with tears, there comes a voice which softens the heart into kindness and speaks of filial love and piety. Abraham has been gathered to his fathers for many centuries, yet his faith, and fortitude, and uprightness have been like angel voices to guide and instruct succeeding generations. Centuries have passed away since Jesus was laid in Joseph's new tomb, yet he has spoken in the power of his truth, in the efficacy of his doctrines, in the conquering influence of his love, and from that unsealed sepulchre has gone forth a voice that will not be hushed till it shall have spoken peace and joy to the last of Adam's race. Look where we may for chivalrous, patriotic or Christian men, and we shall find the truth of Paul's words demonstrated. Heroes and poets, legislators and philanthropists, saints and martyrs speak from their ashes in tones of eloquence and wisdom and moral power. Paul and Peter and all the other Apostles, and Christians of later times, send up from the shattered ruins of mortality irresistible voices inciting to fidelity, fortifying the soul with true greatness, and impressing lessons of fortitude and zeal and perseverance. From the very graves of such individuals there come words of encouragement and warning and instruction, like sweet incense from the broken vase in which the rose withered and perished. "Being dead, they yet speak."

Is it a fact that our fame will live when we are dead? that our characters and reputation will give an impulse to the cause of virtue and religion, or add to the incentives to vice? Is it true that we shall be like the

rateful beams of the sun, which gives joy and fertili-
y wherever it shines; or like pestiferous comets that
laze for a short time and leave in their track the pesti-
ence and death? Is it true that long after we are dead
ve shall speak, either in accents of warning power on
he side of virtue, or in enticing words in favor of
ice? Shall our names, our examples, our influence out-
ve the monumental marble, and the storied urn? This
what the Apostle meant, if I understand his language,
nd it appeals to us, to all men, to see to it that we leave
good name behind us. A motive is here presented
or us to live and die in the Christian faith and practice.
ur faithfulness and zeal will live when we are sleeping
the dust. Oh, let there arise from our ashes, like the
bled Phœnix, an impulse that shall glow in surviving
earts; let our children be proud to inherit their parents'
evotion and piety, and light the torch of their zeal in
e departing embers of our own. Let other voices
tch the sound of our good name and bear it onward to
turity. Let other hearts feel the thrill of our emotions,
d speed on the great conquest of truth and righteous-
ss in which we were engaged. The prophets and apos-
es being dead, yet speak, the host of martyred saints,
d the heroes of earth, laid away in their bloody wind-
g-sheet, and the philosophers and Christians, being
ad, all yet speak; and may we so live and act, that
m the falling atoms of mortality and the clods of the
lley there shall come eloquent and persuasive voices,
ling the world to Christian duty in "faith unfeigned;"
purity and heaven.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

New York, Oct. 4, 1848.

Original.

ANOTHER PROBLEM

FOR OUR SELF-STYLED ORTHODOX.

BY J. KINGSLEY.

Those who limit the goodness of God agree with us
h respect to the attributes of the great Creator—
t he is omniscient, infinite in wisdom, infinite in pow-
infinite in justice, infinite in goodness, infinite in mercy,
infinite in LOVE. Now, the problem I wish to have
red by our mathematical theologians is, how a Being
h the attributes thus agreed upon, could possibly cre-
an intelligent creature to be eternally miserable?
ll the wise men who limit the goodness of God *fig-*
out this problem? We shall see. But I must take
liberty to tell them before they begin to *cipher* that
ill not do to solve this question by saying: That God
ated man a *free agent*, with power to damn himself
e chose hell rather than heaven, because if we be-
e in the attributes of God, above stated, we must
nowledge that God foreknew "*the end from the*
nning." And what is the difference between creat-
a being for eternal misery, or knowing that this
g, when creating him, *would make himself* eternally
erable? It would seem to me that it would totally
roy the attributes of *wisdom* and *goodness*.

ere are one or two more puzzling questions I should
to have our orthodox friends enlighten me upon. It
ld be a great argument in their favor if they could
t out the location of this *hell* of theirs. It would
from their description of it that they have taken a
into it. Why not then give us some information
t its location? Moreover, some *authentic* account of
reation would be a grand desideratum in their theol-
Will they enlighten us? I shall wait with all the
nce in my power to see.

eshequin, Pa., Aug., 1848.

INCHING.—A lawyer of St. Charles, Kane Co. Ill., named
an Wormer, was recently tarred and feathered and then
ed to leave the village, by a gang of persons who charged
with getting up usury law suits.

Original.

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."—Jesus.

BY T. J. GREENWOOD.

In the view of Christianity pretensions and professions, however good or holy, without the corresponding actions or works, not only avail nothing, but to those who make them are worse than nothing; while he who is truly a "doer of the word," though he make neither pretensions nor professions, is blessed of Heaven as the follower of Jesus.

Could the world of mankind but look into the human heart, to scan its movements and to observe its promptings as they are known to God, there can be but little doubt that the aspect of the high and boasting pretenders of the world, as compared with the humbler and less ostentatious, would present a spectacle most truly astonishing; cheering to the humble and *withering* to the boasters. And if the world shall ever estimate men by their *doings* rather than by their cold and often hollow professions, it is quite probable, at least, that those who are now despised and scoffed at by the Pharisees of the age, as ungodly and irreligious *Universalists*, would in reality, bad as they are, appear in a light which even their *traducers* might envy.

To illustrate my subject, let me say that I was met, this morning, by a *Methodist Clergyman* who was on the errand of soliciting charity for two families who were recently burned out, by which they lost all they possessed. He stated without reserve that most which he had received, (several hundred dollars in all,) had been from Universalists; while one partialist church and society, quite rich, had scarcely given *five dollars*. Then he added, entirely voluntary, "Now understand me, *I am not a Universalist*, but I have been engaged in business of this kind in various places, and have myself collected *more than twenty thousand dollars*, and so far as their liberality is concerned in contributing to benevolent objects, I had rather go among Universalists than any class of people I have ever met with, *even if the object were to build Methodist Churches*, for I have found them always ready, according to their means, for any benevolent work. I have often said this before now, and I am ready to meet the statement anywhere."

Now, if such are the confessions forced from the experience of their religious opposers, in regard to the practical benevolence of Universalists as a class, who does not see that they have reason to rejoice in their BLESSED FAITH as the inspirer of those good works, which are good and profitable unto men? Let us ever remember the words of the MASTER: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

New London, Conn., 1848.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

There is nothing which attaches so much glory to a man's character, as to overcome evil with good. It is comparatively easy to show courage in battle—to go forth to kill and destroy—to be a hero in extraordinary cases; but exceedingly hard to possess that moral courage, which prompts the Christian to submit to injury and return kindness for hate. Where we find one man who will calmly suffer himself to be denounced by a scoundrel, or even struck by a villain, we find scores who will face the cannon's mouth, fighting for worldly honor and glory. Aye—it is more difficult to find true Christian heroism; and wherever such a character is seen, the spirit of true religion shines with tenfold lustre. If love but reigned in the heart—if none yielded to passion—if Christian courage prevailed—earth would begin to put on the livery of heaven.—*N. Y. Organ.*

If you are slandered or imposed upon, better suffer a little than retaliate or use harsh language.

Original.

LINES

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MRS. J. C. BROWN, ON THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING DAY.

BY C. M. SAWYER.

Time, dear friend, hath gently touched thee
With his chill and hoary wing;
Years have come, but round thee only
Added grace to kindly fling!

Life's young bloom, indeed, hath left thee,
But thy heart is youthful still,
And thy warm and loving spirit
Not e'en death can ever chill!

Good and ill, that ever mingle
In the web of human life,
Have been thine, but thou hast risen,
Calm and placid, from the strife.

When along thy varied pathway,
Thorns and briers have been set,
Thou hast bowed thy head in meekness,
Journeying on and trusting yet!

When it has been starred with roses,
And the smiles of loving eyes,
Grateful, humble joy hath led thee
Evermore to seek the skies.

God, my friend, and his good angels,
Have been round about thy way,
Kindly keeping thee from fainting
In the long and weary day.

Ever thus may they be with thee,
Gentlest friend I love so well,
Till thy true and loving spirit
Leaves the earth in Heaven to dwell!

New York, Oct. 3, 1848.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

No. XVII.

BUCKERBERG, July 27, 1848.

BRS.:—We stopped at Wehlan and were taken on shore in a small boat managed by a woman. Two young men came on shore with us having the same object before them—a visit to Saxon Switzerland. We soon arranged with a guide "No. 36," and started directly for, we knew not what nor where. We had been recommended to go to the "Saxon Sweitz," but we had never read the first word about it, so we were not prepared for a disappointment by failure, nor for the wonders we soon beheld.

On leaving the river bank we commenced, at once, to rise up a steep walk by a path, with a few cottages on each side, forming a village, and soon wound round a ruined fort, on the back side of which was a deep ravine. Following this a few rods and crossing it, we entered at once into a narrow glen which grew wilder at every step. Soon naked, perpendicular rocks stood up on either side, and we were completely shut in from the outer world. Following this ravine a few minutes we came to a huge mass of fallen rocks on which were several inscriptions. One of them headed "*Scandinavia*," with three names below of men who here pledged themselves to eternal friendship, and started off in three different directions, by the three routes leading from this spot Tall, slender spruce trees grow along the bottom of the glen, and up the crevices in the rocks where roots can get a hold, and top the highest peaks, which are from one to two hundred feet high.

Taking the left path we go through the Utterwalder Grund. The rock-sides are rent in a thousand forms, maintaining a sort of regularity of a columnar form. A few rods distant we came to a place called "Hell." The "Devil's Head," with his under-jaw scalded off by the barber, who came here to shave him, is shown in a singular rock of a darker hue than the rest, protruding out of a crevice. The old fellow could not endure the hot water. Near by is his "Kitchen," with an oven and a tall column, like a chimney rising above it. Through an opening is shown the profile of a man's face, which is not *unlike*, having had some moss added, which makes very decent looking hair. Just around the large rock is his bedroom. A few rods farther we come to a rock which resembles the roof of a small house, the eaves of which come down to the path. On the opposite side of the glen the rocks rise perpendicularly and are cut into columns of all sizes and shapes, mostly tapering and rounded at the top. A little farther we come to a narrow pass, not more than five feet wide, though more than a hundred high. Down this chasm huge rocks have been tumbled, which bridge it over in three places just high enough to let a man pass. From the top of one of these rocks grows a spruce 10 feet high. This aperture may be 6 rods long, where the ravine again widens. Down the precipice, on one side, a man fell, Dec. 10, 1806, and was instantly killed. A cross and the name, "T. Casper Ziegler," mark the spot.

Returning to the "Friendship Stone," we took the other glen and soon came to a lofty semi-circle, called the Theatre; farther on to a precipice, down which a man and his team were precipitated two hundred years ago. Still further we pass the spot where a child, eight years old, fell and survived near an hour, when, as our guide said, "his breast fell in." Before emerging from this solitary ravine we come to a little opening, and beyond are shown the "pillars of Hercules," seven columns standing out, one before the other, and separated by apertures varying from two feet to a mere line, and rising 60 or 70 feet. A spruce tree, a foot in diameter, starts out, apparently from the dry rock, a dozen feet above the ground, and rears its tall trunk parallel with the column. At about forty feet the stone projects so that, swayed by the winds, the tree has been worn away near one third. Just below this, on the other side, not five rods off, is a flat rock set on one edge and rising at least 60 feet, with a plane surface 90 feet long, separated from the main rock behind it by a fissure not two feet wide, the rock itself thickening from a few inches to perhaps six or eight feet.

Ascending from the Utterwalder Grund we walked over a plain a mile or so, through a grove of small pines, oaks and spruces, to the Bastei, (Bastion,) where, on passing out from the trees near the hotel, our heads grow dizzy on looking down from the giddy height. We stand up on the fragment of a rock, which actually projects out several feet beyond the brink of the precipice, at the height of 800 feet above the Elbe, which sweeps round directly under us. Perched upon the pinnacle of this projecting column, the top of which is encircled by an iron railing, and to which we pass across a fissure by a stone bridge six feet long, the eye commands one of the grandest views I ever beheld. The whole broad expanse is open before us. On the left are the roughly diversified Saxon Sweitz, and the mountains of Bohemian with the "Groper Winterberger" raising his dark, gruff head nearer by. "Lilienstein" rises from out the plain 12,000 feet, surrounded by fallen debris, from which its summit stands up perpendicularly several hundred feet. "Monnenstein," also; and equally grand and more important is "Konigstein," from whose top are raised cas-

tellated battlements, which war's dread powers, though often centered here, have never been able to batter down. This castle was attacked by Bonaparte, who caused three cannon to be mounted, with immense labor, upon the top of "Lilienstein," which is 168 feet higher, but so far distant that his balls fell short of the destined mark. The fastness was never conquered. These and several similar *steins* raise their columnal sides above the plain around them, looking like the ruins of old temples we have seen in pictures of ancient cities. The Elbe is seen winding down through his mountain pass in his onward course to the long, tedious level across which he is to pass to his home in the dusky deep. Behind us is a grove, extending out on this narrow strip of land, in the midst of which is a neat cottage with walks, seats and tables all around it; and a fearful precipice filled up with columns, square, round and angular, of various heights and sizes, looking as if another Herculaneum had been dug out there.

We slept at the Bastei, and rose at 3, according to agreement, to start on our tour. After a long effort we succeeded in waking the keeper, and another hour brought our guide, so at five, having seen the sun rise, we were ready to start. We commenced by winding down by steps cut in the rock, and walking out on a high projection which stands up in the excavated city before alluded to. It may be 15 or 20 rods across to the opposite side of this gulf, which juts inland forty or fifty rods, and is fitted up on all sides with irregular columns from 200 to 300 feet high, and from five to 20 feet thick. Returning to the main track we passed over a bridge laid across a gorge several hundred feet deep and fifteen or twenty feet wide, with massive columns rising above us 60 or 70 feet, between us and the river, and not more than eight or ten feet thick, some perpendicular and some leaning one way or the other. Looking out between these down upon the river 700 feet below, and at the single column on which we stood on the Bastei, a shudder came over us as we gazed on the fearful scene. A few rods further we passed out towards the brink around a massive stone which topples upon a narrow base, swelling out in every direction, but most towards the fearful depth below. Why it is not swayed over by the winds seems strange. It looks as if a boy might push it over and cast it down the precipice into the river. It cannot be less than fifty feet high and nearly as wide. Coming back to the course we wind down through dangerous defiles by steps cut in the rock, 400 or 500 feet, where the path separates, one going to the romantic little village of Rathen, the other, by which we went, turning to the left and still descending into the Amstell Grund, which we pursued for a mile beside a sweet little rill, with the lofty pillars cut into all sorts of fantastic shapes rising on either side perpendicularly to the height of 500 or 600 feet. A huge mass in one place resembles an enormous sheep, another a locomotive, another a pyramid, and so on, each having a name appropriated to it. After winding up this glen for a mile or so, we came to the famous "waterfall," which, unluckily for us, at this time had no *water* in it. But having seen Niagara several times we did not so much regret it. The spot is, nevertheless, romantic. A deep cave under the shelving rock, the precipitous sides rising on either side, with a little garden 40 feet up the side, two or three feet wide and eight or ten long, with some beans winding up little sticks, and a few other plants. A solitary Dahlia bloomed here in its loneliness, watched and tended by the little boy who keeps a stand under the rock with a few baskets to sell, and some bread and butter and cake. I looked at the flower and wept like a child—I weep even now as I think of it—I cannot tell why. It was a sweet flower. But it looked so lonely beside that cold, steep rock! The boy sleeps in a little stone cabin, wrapped in a single blanket. Poor little boy! he was meek and innocent as that sweet flower, and I wept for him. Industrious, as honest, as earnest as the sons of those who drive a brisker trade. What shall be his fate? I bought of him my breakfast, and paid him well; raised to Heaven a prayer to keep a child so innocent and good and make him happy, and passed on. Like the little girl in the Utterwalder Grund we saw last night, he left his wares while we were looking them over, wholly unsuspicious of any wrong. The pure mind is never jealous.

From this glen we wound up to the little romantic village of Utterwalder, passing two or three mills stuck into the ravine, with houses perched upon the crags over us. We passed through some rich fields of grass and grain, in which women were working, one of whom I saw whet her scythe and mow the grass in the manly form; others were reaping, others hoeing, &c. The soil here is very much like that in Ohio and Western New York, admirably adapted to the production of grain. In our path we met a little snake. Poor thing, it was doomed! The ancient curse was upon it, and the seed of the woman did bruise his head. Twenty minutes' walk brought us upon the brink of another precipice, the Hochstein, on to which we passed over a stone bridge of a single arch, called the "Devil's Bridge." It is thrown over a gorge a dozen feet wide and 200 deep. The Hochstein stands out alone, jagged around the sides, and looks down into the glen 500 feet. A part of the main rock projects out 15 feet, down to which we pass through a narrow, crooked crevice, called the "Walfschlucht," on ladders and steps cut in the stones, and wind around under the stone, and so descend into the sweet narrow vale below, which we crossed, and ascended a steep hill to the village of Hanstein, where is the ruin of an old fortress, and some 800 or 1000 inhabitants.

Here we took a Droskey and rode to the "Brund," another projecting rock which gives a fine view of the whole surrounding country, and exhibits some curious *turns* in the queer carvings of nature. From this, after resting a half hour and viewing various scenes, we descended into the vale, where we met our carriage and rode to Shandan, a little village on the Elbe. From this we proceeded up the valley of the Kirnitzeck, by the mineral baths to another "Water Fall," which, like the other, was dry; but, for our especial benefit, a man went up and let down a few barrels of water to show what *might be* if there was only water enough. The water falls, perhaps, 20 or 30 feet, and dashes upon a large rock which throws it out in different directions. Here are kept ponies for the lazy, and Sedan-chairs for the timid. The day being very hot we joined the former class and mounted a pony, on which we rode two or three miles to the *Kuhstall*. The road was pretty good, winding up the side of the mountain through a dense forest of beech and spruce. Nothing peculiar interested us on the way, except an occasional column of stone standing up among the trees and towering above them like those described by Stevens in his travels in Central America.

W. S. B.

COLD HEARTS.

The man who will abandon a friend for an error, knows but little of the human character, and shows that his heart is as cold as his judgment is weak.

STARVED TO DEATH.—A family of English people arrived at Cincinnati about three weeks ago, and rented rooms in the Fourth Ward. A lady in the neighborhood having some suspicion that all was not right, called on the family and learned the melancholy fact that they were in a starving condition. They had not one morsel of food for three days. The man died the next day and the wife a few days afterward. The children three in number, were adopted by gentlemen in different parts of the city.

A bottle of brandy fell into the hands of a child at Rondout, N. Y. last week, and the little creature having drank freely was seized with congestion of the brain. Dr. Wales found it insensible, but relieved it by opening and bleeding the jugular vein. It eventually recovered.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

New-York:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

TRUTH SHALL TRIUMPH, OR THE GOSPEL THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

The inspired writers uniformly speak of the ultimate triumph of truth. They not only declare it in positive language, but they employ figures which prove it beyond a doubt. Jesus, speaking upon the subject, says: "Light is come into the world." A more expressive figure, and one more clearly indicating the certain triumph of truth, could not have been employed. Fill a house with darkness and it can be all dissipated by light. Darkness is only the absence of light. When the sun retires behind the western hills darkness envelopes the earth. But when he rises up from his ocean bed, the darkness disappears, and his splendors illumine the whole land. So where truth is unknown, men walk in darkness, and grope along at noonday as the blind grope in the night. But when truth pours its beams upon their benighted minds, all their darkness vanishes, and they walk in the clear light of Heaven.

There are several things in regard to light worthy of special consideration, two of which I will mention.

First, its fullness. Were a feeble, flickering taper placed in a large building at night, it would but faintly illumine only a small circle around it. The greatest light which man could make would only illumine a little circle in the world, and leave all other portions in darkness. But when the sun rises, not only the mountain-tops, but all parts of the world are covered with light. In the sun there is a fulness of light. Shining neither diminishes its brightness nor its fullness. It has the same splendor and glory now which it had when first hung up in the heavens to illumine the world.

In truth there is the same inexhaustible fullness. It pleased the Father that in Jesus should all fullness dwell. Jesus is not merely a star glimmering with mild beauty in a dark horizon, but the Sun of Righteousness who has arisen with healing in his beams. No matter, then, how great the darkness; it may be like that of Egypt which could be felt—no matter how extensive the darkness—it may be like that which settled upon the world before the flood, or like that which settled upon the earth when prophecy had ceased among the Jews, or like that which enveloped mankind in that long night in which the Christian church slept in profound slumber—in truth there is all fullness to scatter it and make the world resplendent with light.

We often distrust truth, and think all its energies have been exhausted; but we might as well distrust the sun. In our distrust of truth we begin to devise ways and means to accomplish the work for which it was given. Hence the countless inventions of men—the various creeds of the church. Every man has his own little taper with which he goes about the world, crying out, "I have the true light, follow me," when its rays are so dim and faint that he can hardly be seen by his nearest neighbor. The various leaders in the false religions of the day, bear a greater resemblance to men who are seeking to find their way through untrodden fields in the darkness of night by little tapers, than to men walking in the clear sunlight of Heaven's eternal truth! And what is worse than all, is, their tapers are lighted from beneath rather than from above.

In our distrust of truth, we magnify the difficulties which obstruct its progress. We make them greater than the truth, —we say the veils are so thick that the light of heaven can never rise above them or penetrate through them. But suppose men were to devise a plan to shut out from one half of the globe the light of the sun, would you have any fear of their success? And should you see some desponding for fear that they would be doomed to spend their days in darkness, would you not point them to the fullness of the light of the sun, and show them that it would rise above all the towering obstructions of men? Opposition to the truth is equally powerless. The Sun of Righteousness will rise above all obstructions, and pour its light into all minds. Hence the prophet says: "The Lord will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people and the veil that is spread over all nations." He also says: "All shall be taught of God; all shall know him from the least unto the greatest." In truth, then, there is all fullness—light sufficient to illumine the whole world, however great its darkness. One failure or a dozen failures is no proof to the contrary. God turns defeats into victories.

I wish to observe in the secon place, that light not only illumines, but also invigorates and renders fruitful. In winter, when the rays of the sun fall obliquely upon the earth, it is cold and chilly, and its surface is covered with snow and its streams with ice. But as the year rolls on, and the sun rises higher, and its rays fall perpendicularly upon us, the chilling winds grow soft, the snow and ice disappear, and everywhere vegetation puts forth, and the whole face of nature is enrobed in beauty. This is owing to the invigorating and fructifying power of the sun. Were it not for this power it would shine upon universal desolation. Not a flower would unfold its beauty in spring-time; not a leaf would adorn the trees, not a spire of grass would grow in the field. Everywhere barrenness would prevail, as in the vast and gloomy deserts of the east.

The light of truth has the same invigorating power. Here is one of the greatest glories of the Sun of Righteousness. Here is the excellency, the peculiar excellency of Gospel truth. All truth can enlighten. Astronomy is a great science, and fills the mind with enlarged and lofty ideas of God. Natural philosophy is an instructive science, and shows us the wonderful laws of nature. Moral philosophy is an important science, and shows the reasonableness of all the duties God requires. They may instruct the mind, they may carry it forward to a high degree of perfection, and make it master of everything that is great, perplexing and wonderful in the works of God and the relations of life. But there is a power which they do not possess, that is indispensable to the moral renovation of man—there is a spring of action in the human heart which they do not touch. There is a wonderful significancy then in the figure under consideration. Jesus is called the Sun of Righteousness, not merely because he teaches the truth, and truth borrowed from no other teacher, but because his truth, in a pre-eminent degree, produces righteousness. Mark the language, "The Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in his wings." His light makes the heart fresh with moral verdure—it converts the barren, desolate soul into one blooming with the beauty of grace and love.

Is it not so? Tell me, when do we feel that all men are our brethren and have a claim upon our love and sympathy, as when we see Jesus toiling for their salvation, dying upon a cross that they might all be redeemed, loving and blessing the lowest and meanest and most degraded, and sending out his apostles into all the world with glad tidings for those of every character and condition? Tell me, when do we feel our obligations to help the poor and needy, to succor the distressed, to visit the careworn and lonely prisoner, and to toil for the wretched sinner, as when we see Jesus becoming poor that we through his poverty might become rich? Tell me, when do we feel so gentle, kind, forbearing, forgiving, as when we see

esus blessing those who cursed him, doing good to those who ated him, praying for those who murdered him? What doc- ines have such a mighty and renewing influence upon the eart as those which represent God as infinitely merciful to nners, loving them with an infinite love, and sending his Son bleed and die for their salvation? It is these doctrines that ir our deepest sympathies, that awaken within us a strong nd active love, and make us willing to bear insults and en- re wrongs.

There is life then in the light of the Gospel. Its rays are t cold like those of the moon which glisten on the snow and in a winter's night; but they are warm and life-giving, e those of a summer sun, which make the corn and grass sten forward to maturity. Let its pure light fall upon your art, and you will heed the widow's cry for bread; your nd will be stretched out to feed and clothe and guide the or- an; your tears will flow for the prisoner, and the poor wan- rer in sin! O, there is a power in the warm, revivifying ht of the Gospel to melt away all the ice of the coldest heart, d make the sweet flowers of charity and love spring up in soul, that has ever been hard and desolate!

Why, only think what the warm light of human tender- ss and affection has done. You have all, no doubt, heard of ss Dix. Being in a madhouse one day, she took her Bible l sat down near a raving maniac, who was so violent that it s thought he would destroy any one who should come with- is reach. As she read some of the tenderest passages in entle voice, the yelling maniac began to grow quiet, and at gth he became perfectly still. When she paused, he said ekly, "Read me some more, it does me good." And when r a prolonged season of worship, she said, "I must go away v," he eagerly replied, "No, you cannot go. God sent you me, and you must not go." By kind words and a promise come again she finally obtained permission to depart. ive me your hand," said he. She gave it and smiled upon . The wild expression of his haggard countenance soft- d to tearfulness as he said, "*You* treat me right. *God* you."

On another occasion, when passing one with whom she had several interviews, and to whom she said with a smile, enry, are you well to-day?" "Hush! hush!" replied he, ing his voice to a whisper, and gazing earnestly on the e around her, "Hush! there are angels with you!— y have given you their voice!"

low, if one of the faint rays from the heart of affection can duce such results, what must be the effect of all those rays ming from the sun of infinite love, grace and mercy, when e concentrated upon the heart? Truth, I know, has done little, compared with what it might, had it been preached s purity. In too many instances only that part of it is ached which addresses the intellect. And in too many in- ces, its corruptions have been preached and employed as ngine of terrible power to excite fear and dread. Let the ld have the warmth of its love—of its love that is strong- an death—let it feel all the power of its divine fire, and wilderness would at once rejoice and blossom as the rose.

O. A. S.

NORWICH, CONN.

e learn from Br. Reynolds, that the repairs on the church orwich are nearly completed, and that it will be re-dedi- d in a few weeks. His Sermon was received.

OWLER & WELLS, 131, Nassau St. New York, have sent eir Water Cure Journal, an octavo of 30 pages, edited by Shew, and their Phrenological Journal, a Monthly, devo- o Phrenology, both able journals.

MEETING OF THE N. Y. UNIVERSALIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting on Monday evening of last week, though not large, seemed to be animated by the right spirit. Besides the annual election of officers, several important resolutions were adopted, which when carried into effect cannot fail to be attended with the best results. We believe that there is no organization that has ever been attempted among us that has accomplished more for our cause than this during the time that it has been in operation, and as its fruits are constantly becoming more manifest, and its importance more fully realized, we shall look with confidence, for a corresponding increase of zeal and faithfulness on the part of its members. Never since it was first introduced was there greater need of Missionary exertion than at the present time, and never a greater blessing promised as the result of such labors.

The enemies of "the faith once delivered to the saints" are busily at work scattering their tares, and cunning and insidious foes, from without, and from within, are vying with each other in their efforts to undermine our faith, and lead the unwary into the embrace of pernicious, if not fatal, errors. At such a time it becomes the friends of truth to be on the alert, and spare no pains to give increased efficiency and usefulness, to measures deemed indispensable to aid, in counteracting the baleful influence of error, and in the dissemination of truth. It is, in every point of view, deeply to be regretted, that so many at the present time are indulging in apathy, especially when their exertions are so much needed in carrying forward this good work. Doubtless the prevailing political excitement has its share of influence in withdrawing the attention of many from this most beneficent enterprise. But this will soon be past, and then we trust that we shall see those, who from this or other causes, have become cold and indifferent in this work, again at their posts, battling with renewed energy in a cause, which as far transcends in interest and importance the merely temporary question of politics as the imperishable joys of eternity exceed the fleeting vanities of time. The first, in its very nature, is but temporary and must soon pass away and be forgotten; the latter is enduring as eternity, and is destined in the providence of God to exert an influence that shall be felt to the latest generation of man upon the earth, and is therefore an object worthy of our most devoted and persevering attachment. We believe that the Universalists in this city will not much longer remain indifferent to the claims of this enterprise, or withhold from it their generous encouragement and support. We have in times past witnessed some precious seasons of awakening at the vestry in Orchard-street, and we shall be greatly disappointed in our anticipations if we do not at the adjourned meeting in November, witness such numbers and enthusiasm, as will afford strength and encouragement to our friends, and confound the expectations of our adversaries.

S. C. B.

THE SCENERY SHOWER.—This is a very instructive and interesting work from the pen of Rev. W. Burton. It is written in an easy and graceful style, and treats of morning, verdure, swimming, fields, rocks and cliffs, hills and vales, colors of vegetation, trees, waters, mountains, water-falls, the ocean, the skies, the moon, the stars, and winter. We never met a little work, so well suited to make children acquainted with the phenomena of nature, and the wonders by which we are daily surrounded. It is a charming book for Sabbath Schools, and our libraries should all have it. The author is a man of great benevolence, and is seeking to be useful to his fellow-beings in every way he can. W. D. Ticknor & Co., Boston, publishers.

"Your friendship is dear to me, as the man said when he had to pay his endorsement for his neighbor

OUR PAPER.

The Editors of this paper had not the vanity to suppose, when they entered upon their duties, that they should be able to conduct it entirely to the satisfaction of all. Their success however, if they can judge from the many flattering letters they have received, and from the numerous kind words which have been personally addressed to them, has been much greater than they had any reason to expect. While they are thankful for the expressions of approbation they have received, they hope to continue to merit the approval of their friends, during the approaching year. They have made arrangements for extensive improvements in their paper. They have secured the services of several of our best writers; they have obtained correspondents in several of the States who will communicate the earliest denominational news, and they have made other arrangements which they are confident will add greatly to its value. Br. Balch will return shortly from Europe; and from the copious notes he has taken during his travels, will furnish a series of articles on the different countries he has visited, in which he will give general views of their governments, religions, the state of labor and of the poor, &c. &c.—topics upon which he has had no time to write during his travels. These articles, in addition to such other matter as the paper will contain, we trust will make it fully equal to any in the country.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

This body held its annual session at Williamsburgh on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Four sermons were preached by Brs. Ambler, Chapin, Rayner and Skinner. The business of the Council was transacted in a spirit of great harmony. Two new Societies were received into fellowship—one of them at Monticello the other at Fallsburg. These Societies have been formed under the labors of Br. Whiston, and may be considered as the fruit of the New York Missionary Society. It was the preacher of that society which first awakened an interest in the cause of truth in the places where they have been organized; and it was his repeated visits there which kept that interest alive. At length the friends became so numerous, that they felt able to sustain a preacher among them. They therefore, invited Br. Whiston, who had succeeded Br. Bulkeley as the agent of the Missionary Society, to locate with them. He accepted their invitation, and his expectations have been more than realized. Friends have been gradually increasing in numbers, the people have beeome better informed in regard to our views, and prejudice has been slowly wearing away. The Societies have been formed under quite flattering circumstances, and the prospects of truth are encouraging. The formation of these Societies, must be highly gratifying to the members of the Missionary Society. They here see that their small contributions have done great good; and we hope that the success of their exertions will stimulate them to increased zeal.

Fellowship was granted to Br. Geo. W. Deere, an excellent young man, who is engaged to preach for a season in New Jersey. A New York Sabbath School Association was formed, the proceedings of which, will be found in another column. The minutes of the N. Y. Universalist Association, we hope to publish next week.

PRISONER'S FRIEND.—This paper has been discontinued, and a large monthly of 92 pages taken its place. We think the change judicious, and most sincerely hope that in its present form the work will succeed. The editor and proprietor, Br. C. Spear, is a zealous and faithful man, warmly devoted to the cause of philanthropy. The number before us is a good one. The Friend has a large list of able writers. Price $2 00 per year. Address the publisher, Boston, Mass.

MORE NEW SOCIETIES.

We take great pleasure in announcing the organization of of two new Societies, within the bounds of the New York Association, during the present year.

The first was organized at Fallsburg, Sul. Co., Sept. 19th 1848. Brs. S. D. Wood was chosen Secretary, and M. Dean, Treasurer. J. C. Hall, William Hill, A. G. Grant, P. Harding, R. Gorman, Thomas Curry and Charles Harris, were elected Trustees.

The second was organized in Monticello, the shire town of Sullivan Co., September 27th, 1848.

Eli S. Pelton, Clerk. Thomas D. Coleman, Treasurer, and Collector. Stephen Trowbridge, William Stewart, and John Wheeler, Trustees. Both these Societies, as will be seen from the minutes, were admitted into the fellowship of the New York Association, at its late session, and are represented as being in a very flourishing condition. Br. Whiston, our late Missionary, is laboring to great acceptance, a portion of the time with each of these Societies, and the cause, as we are happy to learn, is in an eminently prosperous condition throughout his entire field of labor. The formation of these Societies, may be regarded as the fruits of our Missionary movements and should serve to stimulate the friends of that enterprise to renewed exertion. S. C. B.

THE CHAUTAUQUE ASSOCIATION.

This body met at Laconia, Sept 13. Br. N. Stacy, Moderator and Br. F. M. Alvord, Clerk. The committee on discipline reported no cause of complaint. Brs. Gowdy, Alexander and Clough were appointed a committee on Fellowship and Ordination.

Apointed Brs. L. Paine and F. M. Alvord, clerical; and L. Clough and J. Palmeter, lay, delegates to attend the next State Convention.

It was also voted, That each society within the bounds of the Association be requested to take up a collection for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the delegates to attend the State Convention; and the money thus collected to be forwarded to the Standing Clerk by the first day of April next.

The following declaration of faith was presented and unanimously adopted:

"We, the ministers of the Chautauque Association of Universalists, proclaim and subscribe to the following declaration of faith:

"We believe in the divine authenticity and genuineness of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments—that they contain a special revelation from God to the world, and are a sufficient and a perfect rule for Christian faith and practice; and we hereby express our firm belief in the life, miracles, death, and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, as set forth in the sacred Scriptures; and we pledge ourselves, as far as we have the ability, to preach the doctrine of Christ, and render practical obedience to its divine requirements."

Voted, That all ministers, in order to retain the fellowship of this Association, be required to subscribe to this declaration of faith and pledge.

Voted, That all preachers, who shall hereafter receive the fellowship of this body, be required to assent to the above declaration and pledge.

The following brethren (who were all the preachers present living in the limits of the Association) subscribed to the avowal of belief and pledge. F. M. Alvord, L. Paine, N. Adams.

Voted, To adjourn to the second Wednesday and following Thursday in Sept, 1849, to such place as the Standing Clerk shall appoint.

A LIBERAL DONATION.

Mr. E. Watson, of Portage, N. Y., late deceased, has willed his entire estate, variously estimated at from $15,000 to $40,000 to the Universalist societies of Genesee Falls, (formerly Portageville) and Nunda. So says the New Covenant.

"Ma'ma shall I 'eat the *hiron?*" said Betty. "No, Betty, eat your supper and go to bed."

MINUTES

OF THE NEW YORK UNIVERSALIST SABBATH SCHOOL CONFERENCE FOR 1848.

The Delegates from the Sunday Schools within the limits of the New York Association, assembled in the Universalist Church in Williamsburgh, on Wednesday, October 11th, agreeably to a resolution passed at a late session of said Association, and organized by appointing Br. G. L. Demarest, Chairman and Br. J. Vreeland Moore, Secretary.

The formation of a Constitution being the first business under consideration, it was, after considerable discussion, referred to the Secretary to draft a Constitution and report at the next meeting.

Adjourned to meet on Thursday evening at 6 1-2 oclock.

THURSDAY EVENING.

Met according to adjournment.

The Secretary reported a Constitution for the consideration of the members, which, after being amended, was adopted, as follows:

CONSTITUTION OF THE N. Y. UNIVERSALISTS' SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

Preamble, We, the Delegates from the various Sabbath Schools within the bounds of the "New York Association of Universalists"—for the purpose of extending the great principles of knowledge, virtue and pure religion among the rising generation; and advancing, by every laudable means, the Sabbath School cause—do combine to form ourselves into an association, and agree to be governed by the following Constitution.

Article 1. This Association shall be entitled the New York Universalist Sabbath School Conference.

Article 2. This Conference shall be composed of five Delegates from each Universalist Sunday School in the limits of the New York Association; and such other schools within said limits as may be admitted on application to this body.

Article 3. The officers of this Conference shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and five Directors; said officers to be chosen at each annual meeting, and continue in office for one year, or until successors are elected.

Article 4. The annual meetings of this Conference shall be held at the time and place of the meeting of the New York Association of Universalists.

Article 5. Any alteration or amendment may be made to this Constitution; provided two thirds of the members present, at an annual meeting, shall vote in favor thereof.

The following brethren were appointed as Delegates to represent this body in the next session of the State Sunday School Association, with power to appoint substitutes and fill vacancies: clerical—Otis A. Skinner and Wm. S. Balch; laymen—Wm. Gurney, Richard Holland, G. L. Demarest and J. Madison Platt.

On motion, proceeded to choose the officers provided for in the Constitution, when the following persons were duly elected to hold their respective offices for the ensuing year.

PRESIDENT. Gerhardus L. Demarest, *Williamsburgh.*

VICE PRESIDENT. Franklin Ransom, *Brooklyn.*

SECRETARY. J. Vreeland Moore, *New York.*

TREASURER. George E. Baker, *Williamsburgh.*

DIRECTORS. Davis Collamore, George Gilroy, Gilbert S. Clark and Richard Holland, of *New York*, and Ebenezer Fuller of *Brooklyn.*

On motion, D. Collamore was unanimously appointed to deliver the Annual address before the Conference at its next regular session.

Adjourned to meet in Monticello, Sullivan County, on Wednesday, October 24th, 1849.

GERHARDUS L. DEMAREST, *Chairman.*

J. VREELAND MOORE, *Secretary.*

MISSIONARY MEETING.

The ninth annual meeting of the New York Universalist Missionary Society was held, pursuant to previous notice, in the Vestry of the Murray-street Church in this city, on Monday evening, the 9th inst. The attendance was not so large as was desirable, owing, probably, in part to the present political excitement; but those who were present seemed to be zealously affected and greatly interested.

In the absence of the president, Br. O. A. Skinner was called to the chair; at whose request Br. E. H. Chapin led the devotional exercises. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and approved, the Secretary read a letter from the President, Dr. Harsen, expressing a cordial interest in the Society's objects, regretting his inability to be present at this meeting, stating his wish not to be re-elected to office, and inclosing the generous donation of *twenty-five dollars*, to be applied to the support of a Missionary during the ensuing year. The meeting passed a vote of hearty thanks to Dr. Harsen, for the intersest he had ever manifested in the affairs of the Society, and for the faithfulness with which he had performed the duties of his office, as well as for his liberal donation to the funds. Why may not Dr. H.'s generosity be imitated by some of our rich friends? If any such read this notice, why not envelope such a sum as may seem liberal, and send it to our Secretary? "The liberal man deviseth liberal things."

The annual report was read, accepted, and ordered on file. By this document it appeared that a large number of tracts were on hand, as to the distribution of which various suggestions were made. Finally, the matter was left to the discretion of the Executive Committee, save that they were instructed to negotiate, if practicable on fair terms, an exchange with the Rhode Island Tract Society, for the purpose of increasing our assortment.

The Report also showed that the Society had not at present a Missionary in its employment, owing to its want of funds.

The Treasurer's report was also presented, and having been found correct, was accepted and ordered on file.

The meeting then proceeding to choose an Executive Committee for the ensuing year, the following persons, on ballot, were unanimously elected:

JACOB HARSEN, *President;*
OTIS A. SKINNER, *Vice Prisident;*
HENRY LYON, *Recordimg Secretary;*
E. H. CHAPIN, *Corresponding Secretary;*
WILLIAM BANKS, *Treasurer;*
MARTIN WILLARD, *Auditor;*
WILLIAM GURNEY,
ISAAC TINKEY,
JAMES H. GIFFIN,
RICHARD HOLLAND,
FRANKLIN RANSOM,
JOHN J. HICKS.

The establishment of auxiliary Societies was suggested as a means of furthering the Missionary Cause; and the Pastors of the several Churches were requested to take the measures necessary to procure the organization of such auxiliaries. The same measure is suggested to our friends in places unsupplied with preaching. They may thus establish a claim upon our Society for Missionary labor; or procure an ample number of tracts to be distributed among those of the contrary part who will read them.

The Society adjourned to meet in the vestry of the Orchard Street Church, on Monday evening, November 20, when it is hoped, as the elections will have been completed, that a very large meeting will be in attendance. The sessions are uniformly interesting, and the friends of Universalism wrong themselves by non-attendance. G. L. D.

The city of Mexico on the 20th ult. was in mourning, it being the anniversary of the defeat at Churubusco.

UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

This Society met according to adjournment, in the Universalist Church, in Hartford, Conn., on Tuesday, Sept. 19; and was called to order by the Secretary, Rev. T. J. Sawyer.

Rev. S. Streeter, in the absence of the President, was called to the chair; when, on motion, it was

Voted, that the Society adjourn to meet to morrow at 2 o'clock, in this place.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Met according to adjournment, when Rev. T. J. Greenwood, Vice President, took the chair, and Rev. W. R. G. Mellen was appointed Secretary *pro tem.*

Minutes of the last session were read and approved.

The Secretary, Rev. T. J. Sawyer, presented his report, which was accepted.

Voted, that the thanks of this society be presented to the Secretary for his able and interesting report, and that a copy be requested for publication in our denominational papers.

Proceeded to the choice of officers, and the following were elected:

Rev. Thos. Whittemore, *President.*

Rev. T. J. Greenwood, *Vice President.*

Rev. T. J. Sawyer, *Secretary.*

Lewis Seymour, Esq., *Treasurer.*

Corresponding Secretaries.

Maine—Rev. Calvin Gardner. *New Hampshire*—Rev L. C. Browne. *Vermont*—Rev. Eli Ballou. *Massachusetts*—Rev. M. Goodrich. *Rhode Island*—Rev. Henry Bacon. *Connecticut*—Rev. Moses Ballou. *Eastern New York.*—Rev. W. S. Balch. *Western New York*—Rev. G. W. Montgomery. *New Jersey*—Rev. James Gallager. *Pennsylvania*—Rev. A. C. Thomas. *Maryland & Detaware*—Rev. J. Shrigley. *Dist. of Columbia*—Chauncey Smith, Esq. *Virginia*—R. T. Wicker, Esq. *No. Carolina*—H. Summer Esq. *Georgia*—Rev. J. Kendrick. *Alabama*—Rev. C. F. R. Shehane. *Louisiana*—Rev. T. Clapp. *Mississippi*—Rev. D. B. Clayton. *Kentucky*—Rev. E. M. Pingree. *Tennessee*—Rev. C. Gardner. *Northern Ohio*—Rev. Geo. Messenger. *Southern Ohio*—Rev. A. Gurley. *Indiana*—Rev. E. Manford. *Illinois*—Rev. S. P. Skinner. *Missouri*—Rev. J. Libby. *Iowa*—Rev. J. Robinson. *Wisconsin*—Rev. C. F. LeFevre. *Michigan*—Rev. T. C. Adam. *Texas*—Ezekiel Brown. *Canada East*—Rev J. Ward. *New Brunwick*—Rev. W. C. George. *Nova Scotia*—Amos Seamans, Esq. *Gr. Britain*—Rev. D. Thom, Liverpool. Rev. J. R. Beard, Manchester. *Germany*—Dr. K. Crener. *France*—Rev. A. Coquerel.

Rev. T. J. Greenwood stated that the very liberal offer of one thousand dollars, had been made by P. T. Barnum, Esq, of New York, on condition that the Society should raise an equal sum, to defray the expenses of a tour to Europe, by some Br. qualified, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of our cause in the old world, and of establishing such relations with the European Universalists as would conduce to our prosperity as a denomination. Whereupon it was

Voted, That a committee of five be appointed to take the whole subject into consideration, and confer with Mr. Barnum, and report.

Appointed Brs. M. Ballou, T. J. Greenwood, A. A. Miner, B. B. Mussey and J. Y. Watkins.

Voted, that the committee for purchasing books for the library which was appointed last year, (consisting of Revs. T. J. Sawyer, E. H. Chapin, A. Moore and O. A. Skinner,) be reappointed.

Voted, to adjourn to meet to morrow at 2 o'clock,

Thursday Afternoon.—Met according to adjournment. Vice President Greenwood in the chair.

Voted, that the society take up the usual annual collection at the close of this evening's service,

Voted, that Rev. A. A. Miner be a committee to state the objects of the Society to the congregation, and solicit a generous contribution.

Voted, to adjourn.

W. R. G. Mellen, *Secretary pro tem.*

OLD COLONY ASSOCIATION.

Br. Drew, who was on a visit to Plymouth, Mass., at the time of the meeting of the Old Colony Association, wrote a very interesting account of the meeting for the Banner, from which we extract the following:

"We believe there were ten societies represented on the occasion. Aside from Plymouth, the largest delegation was from Taunton, some twenty-five miles distant. This fact shows the zeal and engagedness of the Society in that place—virtues which we doubt not, Br. Quinby has been the means of encouraging amongst his people. The following ministering brethren were present—viz. Br. R. Tomlinson of Plymouth, Br. W. W. Dean of Fall River, Br.——Savage of Sippican, Br. G. W. Quinby of Taunton, Br.——Eaton of Hanson, Br. J. Whittier of Abington, Br. Elmer Hewitt of Hanson, and the writer of this. On Wednesday forenoon a public Conference was held in the church, which we were told was a very spirited and happy season. In the afternoon Br. W. W. Dean preached, and in the evening Br. J. Whittier declared the Gospel to the people. On Thursday forenoon, the writer of this occupied the pulpit, and in the afternoon, the Moderator of the Council, Br. G. W. Quinby, preached an excellent discourse on the Cross as the Symbol of Christianity's glory and triumph; after which the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered by Br. E. Hewitt, assisted by Deacons, to a large number of communicants, male and female. It was a solemn season. In the administration, Br. Hewitt remarked, that originally the heathen, when they celebrated their public feasts, held it as a sacred rule that all who took meat together should from that moment forgive every fault, and go away resolved to live as friends. He enjoined it upon these communicants to forgive in the spirit of Christian love, and to consider that feast a perpetual pledge of Christian fellowship. Amongst the communicants from other churches that we noticed partaking with us, we were happy to see the venerable and Rev. Dr. James Kendall the oldest clergyman in Old Colony, pastor of the oldest church in America,—the very one which the forefathers founded—and who now, at the old age of 80 years, lives in the esteem, veneration and love of all who know him. He is a good old man, and that circumstance is what brought him into our meeting and impelled him to show his fellowship by communing with us. He was highly edified with the sermon of Br. Quinby, and expressed himself as greatly pleased with all the services. We knew the old gentleman in the days of our boyhood, and often heard him preach, in our native town, on exchange with Rev. Mr. Willis. He has been pastor of the First Church in Plymouth now about fifty years. He will go to his grave like a shock of corn fully ripe. He has a colleague, Rev. Mr. Briggs, who does most of the preaching for Dr. Kendall.

DEDICATION IN BLOOMFIELD.

Br. Editors:—There was recently an interesting meeting at North Bloomfield. It took place on the 20th of Sept. On the occasion the Universalist Church was dedicated. The house was erected a number of years ago. Recently it has undergone a change in its arrangements. The upper part is elegantly fitted up for a church,—the lower part is fitted up for a district school-room. The latter is done at the expense of the district. Br. T. J. Smith, who was formerly pastor of the Society, preached the dedicatory sermon. The discourse was ultra in its views, and advocated a new organization of society in several particulars, in order to enable us to carry out the priciples of the Gospel. It was an able Sermon. Sermons were also preached by Brs. Whitney and Johnson.

Our cause in North Bloomfield, I should judge, is in a promising condition. Many strangers were present who seemed much interested in the faith once delivered to the saints.

Yours, &c. S.

☞The Western Universalist is an excellent paper, but it sometimes forgets to give credit. Its leading article in No. 23. should have been credited to this paper.

Br. J. G. Forman, late of Dover, N. H., says the Trumpet, has received a unanimous invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Universalist Society in Canton-street, Boston.

DR. A. BARNES.

This divine, speaking of the resurrection, says, "Those who ave done evil, shall be raised up to be condemned or *damned.* his shall be the object of raising them up—this the *sole de- gn.*" How different is this from St. Paul. He says, "I have ope toward God which they themselves also allow, that there all be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the un- st." Now, if Paul believed that the sole object of raising e unjust was to punish them endlessly, how could he hope r it? Hope is a compound of expectation and *desire.* We ways desire that for which we hope. Did Paul desire the dless misery of the unjust? Dr. Barnes himself does not lieve that. Then his logic is false—his interpretation gross- wrong.

JUDAS.

Limitarians are pretty generally agreed, that Judas will be dlessly punished. They are not however unanimous in that inion. Dr. Clarke says, "I contend that there is no posi- e proof of the final damnation of Judas in the sacred text.'

REMOVALS.

Br. L. B. Mason, has accepted the invitation to become pas- r of the second Universalist Society in Lowell, and will enter once upon his duties in that place. Communications inten- d for him should be addressed accordingly.

FAMILY BIBLE.—This beautiful publication is received in mbers with great regularity. Nos. 61 and 62 are before us. hey contain an elegant map of a part of the Eastern Conti- nt, and an engraving of Joseph cast into the pit.—Virtue, 26 hn-street, Publisher.

LOVE IN THE PHALANSTERY.—By Victor Henneguin.—his is a 12 mo. pamphlet of 27 pages, translated from the rench. Its object is to diffuse some correct information in gard to the views of Charles Fourier. Dewitt & Daven- rt, Tribune buildings, Publishers.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES FOURIER.—By Charles Pellarin, . D. Second edition, with an appendix. Translated by ancis George Shaw, New York. Dewitt & Davenport, Tri- ne Buildings. This work will have a wide circulation. ourier is widely known, and thousands will be glad of an portunity to read his life.

ANGELIC MESSENGER.—This is the title of a neat paper blished every other Saturday at Fort Madison, Iowa, by . G. P. Smith. It is a small folio sheet, filled with valuable ading. We wish it success. Price $1 00 per year.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The October No. of this widely pular monthly has come to hand. It always contains many le papers, and its Editor's Table, for rich and spicy articles s no superior. John Allen, 139 Nassau St., Publisher.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTTS.—Here is a capital work, from e pen of Jacob Abbott, one of the best writers of the coun- y. The beauty, character, and varied fortune of Mary, give her narrative great interest. The work is designed for young ople, and is one of a series. Harper & Brothers, publishers.

GOOD IF TRUE.—It is rumored, says the Sentinel, that a Mr. Watson, lately deceased at Portage, has left by will a large roperty to the Universalist Society at Portageville, Wyo- ing Co., for the support of preaching.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the Trumpet.

ADIEU TO NORWICH.

AN ALBUM TRIBUTE.

Adieu to scenes and friends beloved,
A lingering and fond adieu!
When from these scenes and friends removed,
Their memory oft shall I renew,
Recall the hopes when here I roved
Wild nature's fairest forms to view;

Back to these groves and quiet dells
In visions of the heart repair,
To each green grave whose marble tells
Of one who shared my solemn care,—
Where temples rise, and Sabbath bells
Chime sweetly on the morning air.

Oppressed with cares that weighed me down,
And sore at heart with recent grief,
I wandered to this rural town;
And though my sojourn was but brief,
The smile of friendship chased the frown
Of fortune, and I gained relief.

To former friends though I return,
Endeared by many a toilsome year,
Yet as I go, my heart will turn
To those who claim my parting tear;
And ever in that heart shall burn
The friendly flame enkindled here.

In day-dreams oft shall I retrace
These lofty hills, and streams between,
Each kindly home, and friendly face,—
And though my face no more be seen,
Within your hearts I ask a place
Where ye may keep my memory green.

Sept. 25, 1848. L. C. B.

Original.

TWILIGHT.

How sweet are the moments of twilight to the heavy and desponding heart. They come laden with the sweets of heaven to the drooping spirits of earth. But to the lonely, they have a peculiar interest; those who have been called to separate from friends who were kind and affectionate, and who live but in their memories. To such, I say, the hours of twilight have a peculiar charm. And not only do they afford pleasure, but profitable instruction. They subdue the passions, chasten the feelings and render the mind a fit temple for the indwelling of the spirit of God.

Often have I, when alone in solitude, in the hour of twilight, ere the shades of night had fallen upon earth, communed with those spirits who have long since passed away from earth, and seemed as it were, to be carried forward in anticipation to the bright reality which no human tongue can describe. And when at last the twilight of life shall come, and the weight of death darken upon my path, may its approach be hailed with the blessed assurance that my spirit is but changing this transitory existence for a world whose pleasures are as eternal as the throne of God. J. J. T.

Stamford, Conn., Sept., 1848.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

Pursuant to previous notice, a Sabbath School Conference was held within the Black River Association, at Henderson, the first Wednesday and Thursday, 6th and 7th of September.

1. The council was called to order by Br. P. Morse, Standing Clerk.
2. United in prayer with Br. C. A. Skinner
3. Chose Br. Morse Moderator.
4. Chose Br. C. A. Skinner, Clerk.
5. Appointed Brs. Bebee, Bates, and Rice, Committee to arrange the order of public services.
6. Delegates presented their credentials. H. Bates, H. W. Bebee, Henderson; J. Clarke, D. Jones, Ellisburgh; W. Partridge, Watertown.
7. Voted That ministering brethren from abroad be invited to take part in the deliberations of the council.

8. Adjourned to meet immediately after the afternoon service.

9. Met according to adjournment.

10. United in prayer with Br. Hawes.

11. Voted that the statistical accounts of the several Sabbath schools here represented, be reported.

12. Received reports from the schools at Watertown, Ellisburgh, Dexter and Henderson, stating that they are in a prosperous condition.

13. Voted that a business committee of two be appointed, and that that committee consist of Brs. Morse and Steward.

14. Adjourned to meet to morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

15. Committee on business presented the following report.

Whereas we consider Sabbath school instruction essential to the interests of our denomination, and highly conducive to the advancement of the cause of religion; and whereas we feel bound to adopt the most efficient means for promoting the Sabbath School cause; and whereas we cannot perceive the the necessity for *complicated organizations* for the promoting of specified objects; and whereas the amended constitution of our Sunday school State Association, provides that the Sunday Schools of each Association in which no Sunday School Conference exists, may be represented in that body, in the same manner that a Sunday School conference within an Association shall be represented. Therefore,

1. Resolved, That we deem it inexpedient to form a Sunday School Conference within our Association at this time.

2. Resolved, That we will act as an *Association* for the promotion of Sunday Schools.

3. Resolved, That we recommend the formation of Sunday Schools in every society and place where it is practicable, whether they have preaching or not.

4. Resolved, That the Superintendant of each Sabbath school within our limits be requested to furnish an explicit statistical account of the School, over which he presidesto the standing clerk of this Association, on each year as early as the first of March, and that said standing clerk, present such accounts to the Sunday School State Association, at their annual meetings.

5. Resolved, That this Association will annually appoint two ministerial, and four lay delegates to represent the Sunday School cause within our limits at the annual meetings of the State Sunday School Association, in conformity with the provision of the constitution of that body.

17. Voted to receive and adopt the report.

18. Voted, That our delegates to the next State Convention represent the Sabbath School cause, within our limits, in the annual meeting of the next State Sunday School Association.

19. Voted that the Clerk prepare the minutes of this council for publication.

20. Voted to adjourn, *sine die*.

P. Morse, Moderator.

C. A. Skinner, Clerk.

Ministers Present.—P. Morse, S. Jones, L. M. Hawes, L. Rice, J. H. Stewart, C. A. Skinner.

Remarks.—Sermons were delivered on the occasion by Brs. Hawes, Stewart, Skinner and Jones. After the sermons on Wednesday evening, we had a social conference, and Oh, we did feel as though we were in none other than the house of God and at the very gate of heaven! We think such social interchange of thought and feeling well calculated to kindle the flame of love and devotion in the heart—to arouse the noble powers of soul, and subdue the sordid passions and desires of our nature. It makes us feel good towards all mankind. Would we all exercise this feeling, heaven would not be far from each one of us. It was well remarked by one brother on the occasion, that 'we are too apt to think of heaven as a great way off;' but would we obey the Divine injunction of loving the Lord our God, with our whole soul, and our neighbor as ourselves, we should soon find an entrance into the kingdom of Heaven.

We had an interesting meeting at this Conference, and what added more to the interest, was, at the close of the services the last day, the ordinance of Baptism was conferred upon two candidates. May we have the privilege of witnessing many more such interesting friendly greetings. The weather was fine, the congregation good, and the singing excellent. Our thanks are due the good friends in Henderson, for their kindness and hospitality. May the Lord bless and prosper them.

C. A. Skinner.

In the year of distress, 1842, the marriages in England were only 118,825, whereas, in the prosperous year of 1845, their number was 143,543, or an increase of one sixth.

EXECUTION OF THE INNOCENT.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

"Now, this danger of executing the innocent is not a mere bug-bear, a *supposition* conjured up to help our argument. It has been the case fearfully too often. I said, upwards of one hundred instances have occurred in the history of English jurisprudence. Mr, O'Sullivan, in his Report before the Legislature of New York, specifies trains of evidence that, in several instances, have been the foundation of the execution of innocent men. 'There have been cases,' says he, 'in which groans have been heard in the apartment of the crime, which have attracted the steps of those on whose testimony the case has turned—when on proceeding to the spot, they have found a man bending over the murdered body, a lantern in the left hand, and the knife yet dripping with the warm current, in the blood-stained right, with horror-stricken countenance, and lips which in the presence of the dead, seemed to refuse to deny the crime, in the very act of which he is thus surprised—yet the man has been, many years after, when his *memory* alone could be benefitted by the discovery, ascertained *not* to have been the murderer. There have been cases in which a father has been found murdered in an out-house, the only person at home being a son, sworn by a sister to have been dissolute and undutiful, and anxious for the death of the father, and succcession to the family property—when the track of his shoes in the snow is found from the house to the spot of the murder, and the hammer with which it was committed (known as his own) found, on a search in a corner of one of his private drawers, with the bloody evidence of the deed only imperfectly effaced from it—and yet the son has been innocent! The sister, years after, on her death-bed, confessing herself the fratricide as well as the parricide. There have been cases in which two men have been seen fighting in a field—an old enmity existing between them—the one found dead, killed by a stroke from a pitch-fork known as belonging to the other, and which the other had been carrying—the pitch-fork lying by the side of the murdered man; and yet its owner has been afterwards found not to have been the author of the murder of which it had been the instrument—the true murderer sitting on the jury that tried him."

Such, my friends, have been the fallibilities of criminal law. There are horrid deaths enough—death by scorching flame, by racking torture, by being crushed under some immovable weight, and smothered; but of all deaths the most horrid are, that which is the result of being buried alive, and that in which a man dies by the hand of the law as a *criminal*, yet *innocent*. Which of these two is the worst, they only can know who experience, in either case, of its dying pangs.

But is it not time that we were awake to the matter of the abolition of Capital Punishment? Awake to it, as a matter of sound policy—as a matter of social and individual security. Upon each one of us, individually, rests the execution of this penalty. It is your voice, it is mine, so long as we uphold it, that condemns a man to death. The judge, the executioner is but our agent. Consider what sound policy, what true justice, what reason, and above all, what Christianity requires us to do. Consider the uncertainty of Capital Punishment. Consider its great disregard of the sanctity of life. Consider, the increase of crime under its administration, the decrease of crime when it is abolished—and, then consider the innocent men who have suffered under it, that had imprisonment been the penalty, might have lived to be restored in honor and in peace back to society. Let me close with this point, and if I appeal to your feelings in doing so, remember that I do not draw upon imagination, but from fatal facts.

Let us look upon the man who dies guiltless and yet who dies a felon's death. His last hour has come. Time and disease have been forestalled by *justice*. Let us enter his dungon. Nay, look not around—this is the common furniture of a prison, especially of the last abode of him, who according to legal ethics, as he has sinned deeply must be sinned against in return. Look not around, but look at *him*—the doomed man. Is there not a dreadful calmness in his face, more awful than the malignity of guilt? But it is a fitful countenance, for now it is wild and fevered—as if the insulted soul were stunned with amazement at the suddenness and weight of its charge, or would rend its very clay to plead its innocence. He has parted from the few who loved him to the last. Perhaps there was but *one*. He kissed the cold lips beneath which a heart was breaking, and, Oh!—thought to curdle the very blood in its founta, in perhaps over the very embers of that heart, a suspicion of his guilt is brooding like a spectre. But the time flies. Hark! it is the bell-toll—saying to him *Come! Come!* to a *felon's death!*" He is bewildered, he is amazed, he weeps, he says over the mockery of prayer with stony lips as they lead

to the gibbet, with muffled feet, and creaking wheels and ful deathmarch. And what a crowd is there! Fashiona- folly, rude profaneness, inebriety, lust, hoarse jesting with executioner and the rope. One more prayer—and his time come. The fatal cap is drawn. Stop! stop! the multi- heaves like the billows of a yawning sea. Conscience done its work at last! A man staggers pale and moist ough the dense crowd, and lifts his clammy hands, and ams with agonized voice, "I am the murderer, not he!" se him up—raise up that *innocent* man—let him hear it! s! it is too late. You may canonize his memory, but his it was bent too far. In that last struggle, it rushed from presence of incredulous man, shrieking, "*Innocent! inno-* !" up to the merciful God."

PROJECTED ESCAPE OF BONAPARTE.

t is not generally known that a vessel was undertaken to built at Batersea, by the renowned Johnson, the smuggler, the purpose of liberating Bonaparte from the Isle of St. ena. The vessel was about ninety feet long, and of the then of one hundred tons. It was built of half inch plank; grain of two such planks were so well caulked and cemen- together that the thickness of the sides of the vessel did not eed that of an ordinary washing tub. The masts were so con- ed that they could be lowered to a level with the deck, and whole vessel might be sunk in shoal water with the crew board, without danger. Ample means were provided for plying the vessel with fresh air. The plan was to sail up night, within a short distance of St. Helena, and sink the ves- until the next or some subsequent night, when Bonaparte uld be enabled to make his escape to the beach, at which e the vessel was to be raised, Bonaparte to get on board, and away in the dark. It happened however that Bonaparte id before the vessel was finished, and it is a curious coinci- ce that she was to be coppered the very day the news of death arrived. Johnson was to have received £40,000 as n as the vessel got into blue water, exclusive of the reward e given in case the enterprise succeeded.—*English Paper.*

From Chapin's Duties of Young Women.

THE BIBLE.

In all your reading, let that sacred Book which contains revelation of God and immortality, have the first place d the deepest attention. Indulge not for a moment the idea t it has been superseded by any other utterance, that its shness is exhausted by age, or that its truths are inapplica- at this distance in time. Give it your mind, and it shall minate your understanding with divine realities. Open ur soul, and it shall breathe into it a holy influence, and fill its wants. Bring to it your individual case of doubt, or sor- w, or sin, and it shall meet it with an aptness which proves the word of God. Bind it close to your heart,—it will be shield against all the assaults of evil. Read it in the lone- hour of desertion,—it will be the best of companions. Open when the voyage of life is troubled,—it is a sure chart. ndy it in poverty,—it will unboard for you inexhaustible thes. Commune with it in sickness,—it contains the med- ne of the soul. Clasp it when dying,—it is the charter of mortality. Nor let your confidence in the Bible, or your e for it, be merely the echo of a eulogy like this, or the im- ession of a traditional reverence. Let your faith in its con- nts, and your affection for it, spring from your intimate knowl- ge of it, your own increasing experience of its excellence d its power. The more you study it, the deeper will its onderful truth open to you, and the more closely will its evi- nces entwine around your soul. And if you read it with th indeed, your own life will be another witness to its effi- cy.

THE GOLD WATCH.

I have now in my hand a gold watch, which combines em- llishment and utility in happy proportions, and is usually nsidered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gen- man. Its hands, face, chain and case, are of chased and rnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, the paz, the sapphire, the emerald. I open it, and find that the orks, without which this elegant case would be mere shell, ose hands motionless, and those figures without meaning, are ade of brass. I investigate further, and ask, what is the spring which all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it made of steel. I ask what is steel? The reply is that it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So then I find the main spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures and embellishments but toys, is not of gold, that is not sufficiently good, nor of brass, that would not do—but of iron. Iron is therefore the only precious metal; and this watch an apt emblem of society. Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topaz, and embellishments, the aristocracy. Its works of brass, the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main spring, shut up in a box always at work, but never thought of except when it is disordered, broke, or wants winding up, symbolically the laborious classes, which like the main spring, we wind up by the payment of wages and which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely as necessary to the movement of society as the iron main spring is to the watch, are never thought of except when they require the wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other.—*Edward Everett.*

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

THE SEASON.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Summer's gone and over!
Fogs are falling down;
And with the russet tinges,
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the busy thieves,
And the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses.
Swallows as they flit,
Give, like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
Weep by turns and laugh—
Night and Day together,
Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—
Cold and most perverse—
But the months that follow,
Sure will pinch us worse!

JOURNEY OF THE MOON ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

PART II.

There was a ship at sea nearly foundered in a tempest. The moon strove to lend them her light, but the envious clouds hid her face. The comet swore a round oath.

"Wait!" said the moon. "It cannot be always thus. God does not permit the cloud to remain. He has given it a passing and changeful nature. The chance breeze wafts it away. Only truth stands!"

As she spoke the heavy vapors broke apart, and the struggling vessel appeared in the soft light. The wind abated, the waves fell, and a low, peaceful shore was discovered near, with a town, a light-house, and a harbor. The poor, storm-tost mariners hailed the moon with blessings, and raised a shout of grateful joy.

"Hark!" said the comet, spreading out his tail like a peacock; "there is nothing so delightful as the voice of gratitude and love. It beats the music of the spheres!"

"That chorus of praise is raised *to us!*" said the little star.

The moon preserved silence. There were tears in her eyes; but the pensive shade on her face was not without a character of happiness.

On and on they went—sometimes plunging into masses of black cloud—sometimes wading through watery mist—often obscured and not unfrequently quite hidden. By and by the spirit of the storm burst upon the serene vault. He came wrapped in huge shapes of darkness and fire, muttered portentously as he advanced, and threatening death and ruin. Suddenly he

spoke. He was angry. Mortals cowered and shrunk from his lurid glances and awful words of rage. The comet, who was of a martial disposition, grew darkly red, and shook his mane for battle; but the moon said—

"No. Let him have his way. He is one of heaven's instruments. Let us keep on our path without interruption. We cannot change nature. We must be patient and yeilding. Even this terrible intruder is not without a good purpose. Hark!—already he begins to retreat."

And gathering together the broken clouds, his dark chariot-wheels grew more and more distant, and his voice died away among the remote mountains.

The moon went on and on, without change, fear or murmur. In a short time she came to a valley, whose perfumed breath arose in the air, and whose streams and waterfalls glittered in her silvery light. In a grove by the bank of a winding river there wandered a solitary, grief-worn man. In the performance of noble duties, he had sacrificed friends and fortune. He lifted his eyes to the starry heavens. He looked abroad upon the peaceful landscape bathed in silvery softness. He saw the queen of heaven pursuing her journey through the sky. "Beautiful moon!" he said, "my course, like yours, lies through good and evil, through darkness and light! Oh! may I, like you, remain unchanged by the tempest and the cloud!—may I continue still to perform my duty to myself—to man—to my Creator! Like you, may I suffer no triumph to elate, no slander to depress, no ingratitude to discourage me from the right path! Those who toil against me, may I bless!"

"Hark!" said the moon, "here is my reward. Here is one—grief-worn and solitary, but of noble and true mind—who discerns from afar what I am, and what I would be. Because an envious cloud obscures my face, he does not think that I am stained or darkened. He does not believe the slander of the ditch and the fog. He knows I do not steal the food of the hound, nor slander him to his master; and that I have no wish to sleep in the kennel of the puppy. He does not howl when the dog howls, but he beats the creature and bids him be silent. He knows why the foolish owl hoots in the wood; and he laughs at the stupid peasant who demands of me his cow. His heart is lifted to mine in silent communion. He feels, however the cloud may rise, or the owl may hoot, that I am pursuing a duty which they cannot understand—that I am not toiling for their peace, and cannot be interrupted by their malice. This is among the rewards bestowed by a benevolent Creator upon the patient and persevering performance of duty. Here is another. Behold what I love to look on!"

There was a group of peasants dancing on the village green. It was a motionless summer night. The leaves hung silently, full of repose and pleasure; the fields, woods, and gardens perfumed the air, and the beams of that overseeing and everfriendly orb turned the simple landscape into the beauty of an enchanted vision. Everything told of rest, of peace, of pleasure. The plough lay idle, and shining like silver in the furrow. The dog selpt beneath the unloaded harvest wagon; the oxen and horses reclined around upon the grass; all the utensils of toil were thrown aside; and only joy and mirth occupied the minds of the careless villagers. There were old parents looking upon their families; and white-headed servants, who had grown gray by the hearth-stones of their master; and young children who did not dream there was sorrow in the world. Among the dancers was a young soldier, who had been years away in the wars, and who had that morning returned to his humble birth place. From a wild boy he had grown up into a thoughtful man; and he held around the waist a little sister, whom he had left a tiny rose-bud, and found almost a rose; his old mother held his other hand, and looked often in his face. At a little distance from the crowd were two lovers, wandering along a winding lane that led in among scented hedges, and overhanging trees, and by a little limpid brook that seemed striving to drown all other sounds with its gurgling, but which only made a grateful music, hiding the low words of the lovers from all ears but their own.

"Mother of me!" said the comet, "I begin to understand."

"Here are people who know and love us," said the little star twinkling brightly.

"They are happy beneath my smile," said the moon.

"Do you see much of this sort of thing?" asked the comet.

"Yes," replied the moon; "such delightful hours often cheer my journey. When the storm has vanished, and the clouds have passed away—when the dog is tired of howling, and the owl hoots no more, and the jealous hound is at last asleep—there are times when virtue enjoys its reward, and feels, that among the innocent and the wise, it is beloved."

"We are sure to be appreciated at last, said the little star, as they still went on and on in their aerial journey.

IRASCIBILITY OF TEMPER.

The greatest plague in life is a bad temper. It is a great waste of time to complain of other people's; the best thing is to amend our own; and the next best quality is to learn to bear with what we meet in others. A bad temper will always tire itself out, if it find no one to resent it; and this very knowledge is worth a trifle. Irascibility is very injurious to health, and so, in fact is every morbid indulgence of our inferior nature—low spirits, melancholy, diffidence, disinclination for ordinary duties, discontent, fretfulness, even down to mental lassitude, indolence or despair—are very inimical to enjoyment in life, and every possible effort should be made to cast them all to the winds, and look unblushingly into the truth of the fact. It is astonishing what a little reflection will do—the fears are mostly imaginary, and with one dash of resolution, may all be overcome.

Secular Department.

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

The London Morning Chronicle remarks on the attempt to introduce the principles of republican government, according to the American model, into France, that Carrel, an intelligent French writer who has recently visited the United States, was right when he said: "Tell me the constitution of America suits the people of America, and you tell me that it does not suit the people of France. If a republic takes place in France it will be a military and a literary republic, as that of America is destined to be a peaceful and commercial one."

FROM OREGON—INDIAN DIFFICULTIES, &c.

The *Commercial Advertiser* has advices from Oregon City to the 3d of April—not so late as former accounts, but more details. A correspondent of the Commercial writing from Oregon City, April 3, says:

Our Commissioners succeeded in detaching the Nez Perces and Wallas from the Cayuse Indians; this is very favorable for us indeed, and we hope now to keep the war in the upper country.

The Missionaries are all well. Gov. Mason of California, sent up to Oregon for 500 men to go down and help against the Mexicans; but in our present state of course none could be spared. We are in a very poor situation to carry on a war—no money and no ammunition of any consequence.

The Spectator of that date notices, with earnest remonstrance and deprecation, several recent instances of retaliation upon neighboring tribes of Indians, for trifling acts of aggression committed by them. The dwelling-house and goods of the chief of the Molalas had been burned by some of the whites, in revenge for a small theft committed upon a settler; and several of the Calipooias had been severely whipped for stealing cattle. The Spectator urges the duty of caution and forbearance in the present alarming state of the relations with the natives.

Capt. H. J. G. Maxon, of the Oregon Rifles, in a dispatch to Adjt. Gen. Lovejoy, dated Waskopham, March 28, says.

On the 10th inst. we left Fort Waters with about 200 men, and proceeded in search of the enemy as far North as the Toosha River. * * *

When within four hundred yards of their camp, we were met by an old man, unarmed, with one hand on his head, the other on his heart—assuring us they were friends, the people of the Yellow Serpent, and would not fight us. That the murderers were gone, and our only resource would be to take their, stock with which the hills around were covered.

We went into their camp—found the men all painted and armed, but from their repeated assurances of friendship were ordered not to fire, but to proceed to the hills and collect in their stock. When we reached the highlands, we saw Snake River just below, full of their stock, swimming over and thousands ascending the opposite bank. We succeeded, however, in securing about 500 head of horses and cattle, and proceeded about one mile on our route to the Fort, when we were attacked in the rear by a large party of Indians—those we had just spared, and Pelouches, to the number of about 400. We

ntinued a very warm marching fight till about dark, when e encamped on a small stream without food or fire. They ere shooting in our camp all night, and annoyed our guard so uch that we turned out the stock. At daylight we renewed ur march, and with it the fight, as vigorously as the day pre-eding, until within about two miles of the Toosha River, here the enemy charged at full speed to the river, to get pos-ssion of the brush at the ford, in which, owing to the swift-ess of their horses, they partially succeeded.

The history of savage warfare contains few instances of reater Indian prowess and daring than the scene which follow-d. The struggle for the ford was obstinate for some time; ee fire of the combatants mingling together evinced the obsti-acy of the combat. And here I must say, had it not been for ee bold and decided stand of a few young men at the most ulnerable point, the army must have sustained a heavy loss in ossing the stream—perhaps been thrown into confusion and t to pieces. In an hour the sound of our rifles had hushed. ne long battle was ended. We were all over the river alive, d but nine or ten wounded, none mortally. It was not so th our enemy. The deafening roar of their musketry, which d been sounding in our ears for thirty hours, had died away—eir shrill warhoop had changed to the melancholy death song while a number of their lifeless brothers who lay on the field ard not their mournful elegy.

They called off their warriors—more anxious to leave the d of the Toosha than they had been to gain it. We moved to the fort, at which place we arrived on the evening of the th, worn down with fatigue and hunger, having eaten no-ng but a small colt for three days. Two days after, a coun-of officers was convened, in which it was resolved, that we d accomplished all we could without more men and ammu-ion, and it was best for 150 of us to proceed forthwith to this ce, and remove up a sufficiency of ammunition, and confer h you on the farther movements of the army. Col. Gillam s accompanying us in pursuance of this resolution when the al accident of his death occurred at the spring, this side of Umatilla River.

The following extracts are from the *Spectator* of March 23:

Stone Coal and Ores.—Mr. Moses H. Kellogg has shown the "Copper Tobacco-Box" manufactured from the virgin of Oregon without smelting, referred to in our last paper. e metal of which the box is composed is exceedingly fine, speaks significantly of wealth for Oregon from its copper . Mr. Kellogg is engaged in opening out a stone-coal bed r the Cowlitz River, and has already shipped several bar-of his coal to California.

Mouth of the Columbia River.—From accidents that have ppened to United States vessel at the Mouth of the Colum-River, it is supposed by many abroad, to be unsafe and ngerous of entrance.

That this river like many others, has sand bars in its wide uth, *is true*; but that such a river now does and always will rd a channel sufficiently broad and deep for the safe entrance ne largest vessels, under charge of a pilot who is acquainted n its channel, *is equally true*.

Kosciusco, the hero of Poland, wishing to make a present to ergyman, sent it by a young man, and desired him to take horse which he himself usually rode. On his return the ng man said, that he would never ride his horse again un-he gave his purse at the same time; for, said he. "as soon ne poor man in the road takes off his hat and asks for chari-the horse immediately stops and will not stir till something ven to the petitioner: and as I had but little money with I was obliged, when it was gone, to feign giving some-g, in order to satisfy the horse."

The Medical Times mentions a maniac who never slept, yet lived in good health till his 73d year. He had a kind dozing for about a quarter of an hour once a day, which was ne slumber he was ever known to take.

London Journal says that the number of lawyers in Lon-is no fewer than 4972, and that the amount of their costs, 846—7, was £16,219,165.

new and well executed counterfeit ten on the Troy City k has been put in circulation. The vignette is a railroad . On the left is a steamship, and on the right a ship under

ttsburgh, Pennsylvania.—In 1802 Pittsburgh contain-log church and a few huts. It now has 100 churches, 125 ymen, and 100 Sabbath-schools.

THE DELAWARE REGION.

The construction of the Erie Railroad is about to open to our City a region hitherto practically as distant as Niagara or St. Lawrence, though henceforth to be within the suburbs of New-York. The time is not distant when many of our merchant-princes will have their Summer residences by the silvery cataracts of the Delaware and on the breezy hights by which they are surrounded. For a combination of healthfulness and natural beauty with cheapness of soil and timber, the Delaware Region is unrivaled by any other so near one of our great cities. In that region the man of wealth may build to his taste far cheaper than near the City, and may surround himself with cultivation, forests, parks, fishponds, &c. &c. for the cost of a decent house and lot in many sections of our City. The cheapness of lands there is already attracting the regard of immigrants, and whenever the Railroad shall have been completed to Binghampton (as it soon will be) villages, factories, mills, tanneries, &c. &c. will checker a country hitherto almost useless to mankind. There is ample room for One Million of People within two hours ride of the line of the Erie Railroad, and there will soon be inducement for them to settle there.

The Delaware Region is not so easy, so fertile, so attractive, as the western Prairies. Most of it is composed of rugged hills with narrow valleys between them, and stone is as much too plenteous here as too scarce on the Prairies. Yet the soil is in good part a strong one and yields good crops of most Grains and Grasses, with large crops of Potatoes, Turnips, &c. It is easily cleared of timber, and portions of it are easily tilled, free from stones and fertile. Its inhabitants are generally blessed with health and vigor; the water about them is as good as man ever drank and abundant for every purpose, including power to move machinery; while everything that a man can raise will (at least as soon as the Railroad passes here,) command cash, and prices at least double those they would bring at the West.

The Delaware Region is especially calculated for Dairy farms and for rearing Sheep. If one hundred or more farmers were to go in there buying each his three to six hundred acres of land, taking the best of it for Hay, vegetables, &c. and devoting the residue to Pasture, and turn their attention mainly to the raising of Sheep, not for their Wool but for Mutton, supplying our market with the choicest, daily fresh from the hills, their enterprise could not fail to prove profitable. Even the planting of choice timber at points near the Railroad on the cheap lands still abundant there would pay well to those who can wait for it to grow. These are but two out of a hundred branches of industry which the Railroad is to introduce or extend in the Delaware Region. We trust few years will elapse before the whole vicinity of the Delaware will be covered with an industrious and thrifty population, to the great profit of the Railroad, our City and the people themselves.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It appears from official statements, that the public debt of the United States, at the end of the last financial year, 1st July 1848, was. *ninety-eight millions four hundred and forty-seven thousand eight hundred and three dollars.*

Ship-building in New York.—There was recently seven ocean steam ships on the stocks in New York, whose aggregate tonnage was nearly twenty thousand! Two of them are of 4,000 tons burthen each!

Rapid Travelling.—It is said that the day steamboat train of mail cars which runs through Connecticut and Massachusetts, between Boston and New York, move more rapidly than any other train in the Union. Their average speed is about forty miles an hour, and they often run portions of the distance as fast as fifty miles, with heavy trains!

Banvard's Panorama of the Mississipi river is said to have yielded its proprietor $100,000, although two years have not elasped since he first opened it for exhibition in Boston. He has recently refused an English offer of £10,000 for it.

Education in Kentucky.—It appears that a tax of two cents on the $100 is about to be laid in Kentucky, to support common schools. A popular vote on this question has recently been taken and powerfully sustained.

Book-Trade Sales.—One auction house in New York sold lately at the annual trade-sale, about 150,000 volumes, belonging to various American publishers.

Public Land Sales.—During the financial year ending July 1, 1848, there were received into the General Land Office $3,419,324, for public lands.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—We have not yet exhausted the question how government may best strengthen and perpetuate our union. There is one of its establishments, which in this point of view, we highly value, and we fear is not sufficiently prized for the high benefit it confers. We refer to the post office. The facilities which this institution affords to the government for communication, with all parts of the country, are probably regarded by many as the most important national service which it renders. But it does incomparably more for us as a community. It does much toward making us one, by admitting free communication between different parts of the country, which no other channel of intercourse could bring together. It binds the whole country in a chain of sympathies, and makes it in truth one great neighborhood. It promotes a kind of society between the sea-shore and the mountains. It perpetuates friendship between those who are never to meet again. It binds the family in the new settlement and the half cleared forest to the cultivated spot from which it emigrated. It facilitates, beyond calculation, commercial connections, and the interchange of products. On this account, we always grieve to see a statement of the revenue accruing to government from the post office. It ought not to yield a cent to the treasury. It should simply support itself. Such importance do we attach to the freest communication betweeen all parts of the country, so much do we desire the poor, as well as rich, may enjoy the means of intercourse, that we would sooner have the post office a tax on the revenue, than one of its sources.—*Rev. Dr. Channing.*

A STRANGE STORY.—A few evenings since a decently dressed, middle aged woman spoke to some boys in Chatham street, and promised them three cents if they would carry a small bag which she had in her hand, to a certain number in Mulbury street. The boys consented, took the three cents and started with the bag, while the woman walked rapidly away in an opposite direction. The boys had carried the bag about a couple of blocks, when a strange movement inside induced them to examine the contents, which were an old pair of boots, a washboard, and a fine healthy *babe* about a month old. This developement induced the boys to change their destination. They carried the bag to the police station, from whence it was taken to the Alms House. The woman who gave it to the boys has not been discovered.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The controllerhas given notice, that the bills of the Farmer's and Mechanics'bank of Ogdensburgh, must be presented for redemption withing two years from August 28, or the assets for their redemption will be delivered up to the Bank.

The next Illinois Legislatuse will probably have under its consideration a banking law. The whole question of banking is by the new Constitution, left to the decision of the Legislature but no Banks can go into operation until the law under, which they act has been submitted to the People.

THE ANCESTRY OF WASHINGTON.—The Albany Evening Journal, referring to the fact that Mr. Macready had visited the village of Gasdon in England, to obtain information concerning Sir. Lawrence Washington, an ancester of Washington, says: Mr. Macready, of Albany, in his recent visit to England, was also at the residence of the ancestors of Washington, and brought with him a fine painting of the old Washington Mansion, with a plaster cast of the monuments of deceased members of the family now to be seen in the church.

THE WIT AND THE WIG—A barrister entered one of the Four Courts, Dublin, with his wig so much awry as to cause a general titter. Seeing Curran smile, he said, "Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" "No," replied Curran, "nothing but your head."

We learn that in attempting to execute a man at Niagara, C. W., recently, as the drop fell, his head was severed from his body—the one flying into the heavens and the other falling heavily upon the earth—presenting a horrid spectacle, even as the finale of a capital execution.

CONFERENCE.

A Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Braman's Corners, the third Wednesday and Thursday, (the 16th and 17th) of November. A cordial invitation is extended to ministers and friends generally to attend. Those who come by railroad or canal, will stop at Port Jackson, opposite Amsterdam, where friends will be in waiting with conveyances to take them to the place of meeting.

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

NOTICE.

The regular meeting of the Union Teachers' Society will be held in the vestry of the Universalist Church of Williamsburgh on Monday evening, Oct. 23d, 1848, at 7 1-2 o'clock precisely. The following subject will be brought forward for debate:

"Is novel reading atttended with any improvement to the mind?"

Affirmative—Br. Gurney. Negative—Br. Demarest. Together with other very interesting matters.

Now who says this will not be a meeting worth attending? A debate, speeches, essays, &c., form quite a variety, and all of them good. Laying these aside, the cause itself should prove an inducement to gain our presence. We should prove our devotion to it by being seen and known where the foundation of prosperity lies. Did we merely attend our classes on the Sabbath, the sameness of the routine of study and service, would kill our energies and render us unfit for the task we would wish to perform. The minds of our scholars would become callous to our teachings. But here we meet to introduce various beneficial changes,&c,not for the sake of the name, merely a wish to get something new; but that we may be benefited by it. New ideas are presented to our minds, and we are aided in our task to such a degree that it is a pleasure instead of an irksome duty. If we attend we shall be rewarded, not with silver and gold, but with the happy consciousness, that we have done our duty to ourselves, our fellow beings and our God.

Again, This is the last call your Secretary may have an opportunity to make to you; as our election for officers will take place on this evening, he may receive "notice to quit." Therefore, you will please imagine to yourselves the gratification it will be to him to witness a full meeting in answer to his last notice.

Per order, EDWARD J. SMALL, Secretary.

NOTICE.

A Conference of the Black River Association will be attended at Burrville, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday, 25th and 26th of October. A general attendance and a good meeting will be confidently expected.

P. MORSE, Standing Clerk.

Henderson, Sept. 11, 1848.

AGENT AT AUBURN, N. Y.

Mr. J. A. Keyes has been duly appointed agent for the Messenger and Ambassador, at Auburn, and his receipt for subscriptions will be valid.

S. C. BULKELEY & Co.

CONFERENCE.

There will be a Conference of the Chenango Association of Universalists in the Methodist Church in Colesville, (New Ohio,) Broome county, on Wednesday and Thursday, November 1st and 2d. Ministering and lay brethren, and all of every sect and of no sect, who are willing to see if "any good can come out of Nazareth," are cordially invited to attend. Strangers in New Ohio, intending to worship God with us at our meetings, and arriving Tuesday evening or before religious services, (1-2 past 10,) Wednesday morning, can call at the meeting house, and a committee will direct them to places of entertainment.

J. T. GOODRICH, Stand. Clerk.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Woodbridge N. J., on the 4th Sunday in Oct. 22d inst at 1-4 before 11 A. M. and in the School House near Br. Tappan's in the evening.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Camptown, N. J. Sunday morning, Oct. 29th. In the afternoon of the same day at Jeffersonville, and in the evening at Middleville.

ORCHARD-ST. CHURCH.—Br. O. A. Skinner will preach the third of his Series of Sermons on creeds next Sunday morning. Subject—the Bible contains a sufficient and divinely authorized creed.

Br. T. S. King will preach in the Orchard-St. Church next Sunday.

Deaths.

In Methuen, Mass., Sept. 12, ROSANA ADELAIDE, infant daughter of Rev. O. H. Tillotson, aged 7 months and 13 days.

In Rockingham, Vt., Sept 2d, JOSEPH A., son Rev. J. and Mrs. M. Hemphill, aged 3 years, 10 months and 19 days.